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Where Hunger and Thirst Live

Some interesting experiments have recently been made by the medical faculty of Michigan University, in order to determine the seat of hunger and thirst in the animal system. A dog was chloroformed after having been fed a hearty meal, and while the muscular-membranous reservoir for food was largely distended, and incision was made through the abdomen, over the large curvature of the stomach, into that organ. Then a silver tube, a quarter of an inch in diameter and an inch and a half long, was inserted in the cut, the other end of which was then corked up. The tube has half-inch flanges at both ends, the inner flange serving to keep the tube in place, while the outer flange closely shuts the exterior. The dog still lives with his stomach permanently on tap. In fact, the operation in no way affects the health of the mastiff, although in undergoing the severe ordeal to which he is now at times subjected in the interest of science, he has been permitted to eat a hearty meal, which was immediately taken from him via the tube. In a few minutes, after recovering from his fright, he would eat an equally large quantity of food, and so on to any extent. Again, he has not been permitted to have anything to eat for twenty-four hours. Food would then be injected in his stomach through the tube. Notwithstanding his stomach was already full, the animal would at once gulp down more food; but, if sufficient time was given for the injected food to enter the system, he would then refuse that was set before him. The conclusions arrived at from these experiments and confirmation is the fact, which has often been observed, that persons suffering from thirst, although the parching sensation is apparently limited to the throat, find immediate relief upon entering a bath, or even from immersing the feet in water.

An interesting scene was witnessed the other day at the Belle Alliance Theatre in Berlin. For some time a new comic play called "Paragelias Rechts" has been playing there, the prologue of which opened in the parquette box at the right of the theatre. Shortly before the opening of the play a number of actors quietly took their seats in the box, and presently a comic actor appeared on the stage and loudly orders them to vacate it, since it belongs to him. Then a fiery war of words follows between him and the occupants of the box, and soon an actor, dressed as a police officer, is vociferously called in and bustles them all out of their places. On the evening of our tale these chances led to a new officer, who had never seen the play, in charge of the house. Hearing himself called upon to do his duty, he rushed into the box, and set about turning the actors out, head and heels. (Shouts of laughter greeted him, and it was not till the officer appeared on the scene of action and explained matters that he could be made to see what a predicament he was in. He beat a sheepish retreat amid the roars of the audience.)

We published recently a joke on some of the Baptist ministers who attended the association here, the plot of which was that a house-keeper had missed an ounce or so of old Bourbon that had been left in the room the preachers occupied. We mentioned no names, because we did not know any, and because we intended the item for fun. Since then we understand that about a dozen ministers have been writing back to their hosts here, explaining that they were sick, and we had no idea that the "she" would fit any body, and are surprised at the number of explanations. "We hereby make all the apologies we know how for drawing out these confessions, and if that won't do, we'll drink all the bottles of Bourbon that are left, if it takes us all summer." [Harrodsburg Observer.]

Bad spelling is sometimes the best, as in the case of the old woman who wrote over his shop door, "Dear sold liars"—simply implying that it was his own brain. Not less ingenious was the device of the quick doctor, who announced in his windowed hand-bill that he could "cure" any "cure" the most obstinate "cure"—thus satisfactorily proving that he was no conjuror, and did not attempt to cure them by a spell.

The heat in the lower levels of the Nevada mines is intense. At a depth of 19,000 feet, where the temperature was 138 degrees, three men died recently from exhaustion.

Peeps at the Planets.

Neptune, the remotest of the planets in the solar system, is about 2,700,000,000 miles distant from the sun.

It is supposed that Mercury has mountains higher than our Himalayas, and volcanoes in a state of activity. Out of all the myriads of lights in the heavens only three can discern the earth—Mars, Mercury and Venus—besides the Moon.

The earth is 749 times smaller than Saturn, and its mean distance from us is over 91,000,000 miles. It is 1,753,000,000 miles from the sun. The temperature in Mercury is supposed to be seven times hotter than that of our torrid zone; therefore it must be inhabited by people very differently constituted from ourselves.

It is believed that Venus has an atmosphere much like ours, and mountain peaks five or six times higher than the Tenerife, their sides bright with flowers and birds of brilliant plumage.

The moon never leaves our globe; therefore it is called our satellite. Though to us it appears larger than the stars, it is in reality much smaller than any of them, but much nearer to us.

Astronomers have calculated that the mountains and extinct volcanoes in the Moon are higher than any on our earth.

If there was any one in the Moon to see it, the earth would appear to them a magnificent ball. The planets and sun would move behind it in brilliant succession.

Our globe appears to Mars as the morning and evening star.

NOVELTIES IN PAPER.—A correspondent wants to know if it is really true that car-wheels are made of paper. We can assure him that it is. The paper is subjected to enormous pressure and inclosed between thin plates of iron. Such wheels are found to have extraordinary elasticity and endurance, and are coming to be much used not only in this country, but in Europe. The latest novelty in use of paper appears to be for chimney-pots. They are made in Dresden, and are light and durable. Before the paper pulp is molded and compressed into the required shape it is treated with chemicals which render it non-inflammable. Specimens of paper and cloth made from the California cactus were recently exhibited before the Maryland Academy of Sciences. The cactus grows abundantly in many of the Western States and Territories, and it is found on arid soil where nothing can be cultivated. The success that has been met with in making paper from this plant is so marked that the business will probably be attempted on a large scale. [Jour. of Chemistry.]

A GAY WIDOW DECEIVED.—Mrs. Scoville, a young Chicago widow, advertised for a correspondence "with a view to matrimony." Tom Moore, a writer in a Deadwood Hotel, wrote to her. Many letters passed between them; they exchanged photos, and at length agreed to marry. The widow sent him her money in the purchase of a railroad ticket to Deadwood; but Tom had told her that he was a prosperous landlord, so she felt easy as to financial matters. On her arrival in Deadwood, he confessed that he was only a waiter. She broke off the engagement instantly, and some angry persons gave her money with which to go home.

The quality of which a Wisconsin woman complains in her suit for divorce, is that she has been deceived by her husband, who has been using her money to buy a fine coat for the use of his mistress, and she is now left with a single dress, and the only one of undress that she has. She says she bought a fine coat for her husband, but he has been using it to buy a fine coat for his mistress, and she is now left with a single dress, and the only one of undress that she has.

There are two classes of men who habitually carry concealed weapons, cowards and fools. The coward, if he knew it, is much safer when unarmed than when armed. With no pistol of his own, he is very sure not to provoke the use of any body else's. [Courier-Journal.]

Mr. B.—did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? Because C.—said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

Interest.

Interest is the worm that gnaws incessantly the vitals of industry. It outnumbers the grasshoppers on the plains. It contains seven-eighths of the products of busy hands. It brings ruin upon thousands of enterprises every year. Nearly every dollar in circulation is drawing interest from some body, and the little that does not is being withdrawn by evil-doers to give place to that which will. The largest proportion of tilled lands are infested with interest. Towns, cities, counties, States, and even the Nation, are all drained by interest. The great mass of busy people, and all the homes that are mortgaged, are victims of this insatiable worm, interest! It is the greatest curse entailed upon labor in our age and civilization. To get rid of it should exercise the best energies of every lover of his race, every patriot to his country. The vicious schemes through which it fastens itself upon all public enterprises should be opposed. Our industries are nearly strangled, millions of our countrymen are impoverished and dependent, and our very national existence is endangered by this curse of curses—this scourge of the land—interest. Keep yourself ever free from its fangs, if you would enjoy the products of your own labor and enterprise.—Exchange.

A correspondent sends a copy of a marriage certificate that was found a few years ago in the Clerk's office of Peoria county, State of Illinois, which certificate was issued in the primitive days of the Sucker State.

It seems that there was a loving couple that lived in a neighborhood called Copera Precinct, Peoria county, were anxious to get married, but they could not find a minister who had been commissioned to marry. They finally met with a justice who concluded to set them going, and gave them the following certificate: "To all the World, Greeting—Know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myers are hereby certified to go together and do as old folks do, anywhere in Copera Precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry 'em good and date 'em back to kiver accidents."

A LONELY DUEL.—A fearful and fatal encounter occurred in Lee county, Va., on the 14th ult., between Jno. Bailey and Henry Combs, a grand nephew of General Leslie Combs, of Kentucky. The youths were students at Turkey Cove, and were rivals. The Kentucky boy made the best progress in his suit and hence the row. The two young men met alone in a grove, both armed with pistols. They fired five shots. Combs fell mortally wounded by a shot in the abdomen, and died in a few moments. Bailey is still at large. Both were popular and talented students, and the affair has cast a gloom over the entire college.

In relation to fast-type setting under difficulties, the following story is told by an old compositor: "You may talk about setting up type in a rush, and making fast time, but when I was young and my fingers were nimble and my elbows limber, I used to be counted a pretty good compositor. I remember one night in particular when I set three thousand ems an hour out of a bag by moonlight, and had to take every letter to the window to see what it was."

Eighteen thousand men are now engaged in the express business. Express companies cover 60,000 miles of railroad, and it is estimated that their messengers daily travel 300,000 miles. Three thousand five hundred horses are employed, and over 8,000 offices are required to transact their business, and an amount of capital is invested not less than \$30,000,000.

"Pusley" or puslane, anthemized here as a pest by our farmers and gardeners, is carefully cultivated and considered a very choice and delicate vegetable by those of Europe. Prejudice alone prevents people in every part of the world from many edibles highly prized by those equally civilized elsewhere.—[Druggist's Circular.]

There are two classes of men who habitually carry concealed weapons, cowards and fools. The coward, if he knew it, is much safer when unarmed than when armed. With no pistol of his own, he is very sure not to provoke the use of any body else's. [Courier-Journal.]

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Two Smart Young Men.

Two smart young men got on a Burlington and Cedar Rapids train and laid themselves out to amuse and instruct the passengers. Very many funny things said and very many funny things did these two brilliant young men, and it did seem as though Providence had been just too kind to the other passengers to let them ride on.

LOUISVILLE.—The quotations on all classes of cattle are a shade lower this week. There is not much demand for shipping cattle; good to extra going off at 4 to 4 1/2 cents; but the market is not very lively. Two young men vied with each other in saying funny things about the pup. Presently the funniest young man said, in tones of perplexity, "Well, let me see, they make dogs pay on this train, don't they?" And then the lady turned around, and said, in just the driest tones you ever heard a lady say anything, "Then you'd better get off before the conductor comes in." There was a great deal of talking and a great deal of laughing in the car between the place where the accident occurred and Burlington, but the men who were killed at the siege of Jerusalem were noisy, roaring, howling bacchanals a week ago in comparison with those two young men for the rest of the trip.—[Burlington Hawk-eye.]

Prosperity intoxicates most men; it turns their heads, and throws them off their balance. Others cannot bear adversity. They have no courage, no hope. They are not like the old sailor who said he always felt happiest in the height of a storm, because he knew then that the next change that took place, whatever it might be, must necessarily be for the better. They cannot realize that there will be any change. When the sky is once clouded and overcast they will not believe that the sun will ever shine again. Young men should make it a point to keep their heads cool under all changes and circumstances, to preserve their equanimity and not to be unduly elated by success, or too much cast down by disappointment.

They tell a curious story in Honesdale, Pa., to this effect: Little Maud Mott, who passionately loved flowers, had a fuchsia, which was her favorite plant. She fell sick and died. At the time she became ill the plant had forty buds about ready to open. The buds began to droop, and the last one fell on the day she died. Next day the plant itself was lifeless. It seems quite evident that when the little girl fell sick there was no sufficiently thoughtful to attend to the plant for her.

"A young Oil citizen," remarks the Derrick, "calls his sweetheart Revenge, because she is sweet." And the young married man, on South Hill calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dangerous.—[Burlington Hawk-eye.] And a Cincinnati man calls his coachman Procrastination because he stole his watch.—[Breakfast Table.]

Speaking of the value of timber, we know of one stick of walnut timber that went out of Kinyu, in 1876, that sold in Cincinnati for \$150, in New York for \$600, and was afterwards sold in Liverpool, England, for \$750. Walnut timber is worth five cents per pound in Liverpool.—[Vanceburg Courier.]

Mr. Pilgider went home the other night considerably intoxicated and afflicted with double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. Pilgider, and then quietly remarked: "Well (hic) I hope 'toller if you two gals don't look enough alike to be (hic) twins."

Once on an evening dismal, I gave her a kiss paroxysmal, and called her name baptismal; precious name I loved of yore. Ah, she was a darling creature, pet in speech and in feature; but eargh you couldn't teach her, for she had been there before, and only murmured, Buss me more.

A child being shown the picture of Daniel in the Lion's den, began to cry. "Don't cry, pet," said the mother. "God won't let them harm a hair of his head." "Oh, I ain't crying for that; but just see that little lion—Daniel is so, small it won't get a taste."

A Wisconsin man has secured 6,840 names to a petition for a State law to prevent any Wisconsin female from marrying any resident of that State.

The Lebanon Standard says Mrs. Peggie Vaughn, a Taylor county midwife, has assisted two thousand "pledges of affection" into the world, and is still in the business.

There are now over 39,000 Postoffices in the United States, an increase of about 10,000 in eight years.

Why Gold Changes Color.

It is well known that the human body contains humors and acids similar in action to, and having a like tendency toward baser metals, as nitric and sulphuric acids have—namely, to tarnish or dissolve them, varying in quantity in different persons. Of this theory we have abundant proof in the effects which the wearing of jewelry produces on different persons. Thousands wear continually, without any ill effect, the cheaper class of jewelry with brass car-wires, while, if others wore the same article for a few days they would be troubled with sores, or, in other words, the acids contained in the system would so act on the brass as to produce ill results. Instances have occurred in which articles of jewelry of any grade below 18 carats have been tarnished in a few days, merely from the above named cause. True, these instances are not very frequent; nevertheless, it is as well to know them, and they are sufficient to prove that it is not in every case the fault of the goods not wearing well—as it is generally called—but the result of the particular constitution by which they are worn.

There is one peculiarity about the Republican party that is most noticeable. It never throws a leader overboard, no matter how rascally he has been proven. It never ostracizes or excommunicates any body, but waits patiently to be abandoned. No matter what may be the opinion of the world at large, the Republican party holds every man a demi-god as long as he serves in its front; but when he falls back or sluffs off, then they discover what a villainous scoundrel they have lost. It was one of Grant's peculiarities to stick to his comrades through thick and thin, and this example the Republican party is striving to follow.—[Yeoman.]

There is on either side of the equator a zone of perpetual flies. Farther North is the zone of migratory flies, while still farther North is the happy region where flies are unknown. It is in contemplating the distribution of flies that we perceive why the Esquimaux cling to their frozen homes. Superficial persons have often asked why the Esquimaux leave the Arctic regions and come South to a comfortable climate?—[N. Y. Times.]

A French scientific authority states that the ordinary rate of a man's walking is four feet per second; of a good horse in harness, twelve; of a reindeer in a sledge on the ice, twenty-six; of an English race-horse, forty-three; of a hare, eighty-eight; of a good sailing ship, fourteen; and of the wind, eighty-two.

Mr. Beecher said to the Williams College boys recently: "If a man can not say his prayers and get his full amount of sleep, let him leave his prayers unsaid." That's it. We have been wondering what it was that was shortening our hours of repose. We shall reform.—[Hawkeye.]

A Middletown girl placed some nearly hatched ducks' eggs in her bosom, and thus helped a brood of young ducks into the world. Young men in that region will do well to omit, in the interest of the poultry crop, their usual Saturday evening embraces until after the hatching season.

A neighbor wants to know, "What could be smaller than the lining of a thistle seed?" Well, we suppose if you really wanted to draw things to a finer focus, you might call a convention of the men who have drawn capital prizes in Kentucky lotteries.—[Hawkeye.]

The late Prof. Henry, was in early life a watchmaker, and ever afterward he was able to make the most delicate instruments with which to experiment. This was an advantage to him, for he was not compelled to rely upon mechanics for his machines.

"Editing a paragraph column," observes the Elmira Gazette, "is like riding the trick mule in a circus—every body thinks it's an easy job until they get straddle of the mule's back."

George W. Peterkin has been elected Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of West Virginia. If any one can fill such an office with dignity, Peterkin.—[Frog Press.]

Brother Jasper is the champion immerger of his time. He can polish off his 358 heads a day without a wink or a change of water!

An ounce of cream of tartar in a pint of water drunk at intervals is a certain cure for small-pox.

Despite the hard times, there are sixty leading styles of wedding stationery.

Hard times—the time to leave our downy couch in the morning.

CANDIDATES.

SMITH R. MERRISON
Is a Candidate for Marshal of the town of Stanford, Election 1st Monday in August.

HON. W. M'KEE FOX
Is a Candidate for Congress, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE M. J. DURHAM
Is a Candidate for Congress in this District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE E. W. TURNER
Is a Candidate for Congress in this District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

PHIL R. THOMPSON, Jr.
Is a Candidate for CONGRESS in this District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE J. H. DENNIS
Is a Candidate for Police Judge of Stanford, Election August next.

H. P. YOUNG
Is a Candidate for Justice of Lincoln County, Election August next.

J. J. LANDHAM
Is a Candidate for Justice of Lincoln County, Election August next.

HON. ROBERT BLAIN
Is a Candidate for State Attorney—election 1st Monday in August, 1878.

PROFESSIONAL.

S. S. MYERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

BRECK JONES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

MAT. WALTON, H. C. KAUFFMAN,
WALTON & KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.

J. S. & R. W. HOCKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

H. T. HARRIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, LINCOLN CO., KY.

ROBERT BLAIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

JAMES O. CARTER, SAM. M. BURDETT,
CARTER & BURDETT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MT. VERNON, KY.

LEE F. HUFFMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST!
One door below the P. O.,
STANFORD, KY.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in the most approved style.
F. MERRIMAN,
DENTAL SURGEON!
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Office South Side of Main Corner of Depot Street
(near notice) to those requiring his professional services. Particular attention paid to the preservation and regulation of the natural teeth. Persons from a distance requiring full or partial sets of teeth, can have them inserted in a few hours, in the latest and most beautiful style of the art.
Pure Nitrogen Oxide Gas administered when required.
All communications promptly attended to.
161-4m

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSIC SCHOLARS WANTED.
Having been solicited by several persons to give their daughters instructions in Vocal and Instrumental Music, I will do so, and would like to have a class of ten or twelve scholars during the summer months.
MRS. J. N. PHILLIPS.
327-4

BARBER SHOP!
Frank Wilmer & Fred H. Rivers
Offer their professional services to the public.
HAIRCUTTING, HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, SHAMPOOING & DYEING.
done in the best and most fashionable style. Shop in the Commercial Hotel.
206-11

W. CRAIG,
J. & L. SEASONGOOD & CO.,
WHOLESALE
CLOTHING AND CLOTHING HOUSE
S. W. COR. 34th & VINE STS.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. N. HUGHES
WITH
McALPIN, POLK & CO.,
108 PEARL & 110 3rd STS.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Wholesale Dealers in & Importers of
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
NOTIONS AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

I will be glad to examine the collection in hand-
some all my old friends, and promise to all
those to protect their interests.
That old-time "dag" always have all the Best?
206-4m

J. N. HUGHES

HOTELS.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!
STANFORD, KY.

W. F. RAMSEY, Proprietor.

Having taken charge of this Hotel, he is prepared to accommodate the public with good fare and excellent accommodations at a low price. He also keeps a stable in connection with the Hotel. (204m)

HUFFMAN HOUSE,
[Late Miller House],
LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

I have rented, newly painted, repaired and newly furnished this Hotel, Commercial Travellers will find superior accommodations. An excellent

LIVERY STABLE AND BAR
Are connected with the house.

JOHN J. HUFFMAN, Prop'r.

MYERS HOTEL,
STANFORD, KY.

J. H. Myers having this day retired from the business, the undersigned has succeeded to the management of this old and well-known Hotel.

They are determined that it shall be second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments or Attention to the comfort of guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to be made for the travelling public. The bar will always supply with the choice brands of Liquors and Cigars. An excellent Library is attached.

Mr. E. H. Burnside will have the active control and management of the Hotel.
March 12, 1878.
E. H. BURNIDE,
A. S. MYERS.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL,
STANFORD, KY.

THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.

OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FEB. 22nd, 1878
FARE, \$2.00 PER DAY.

CENTRALLY LOCATED.
Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers.

Baggage Transferred Free of Charge.

SCHOOLS.

Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS
this Institution will open
ITS NINTH SESSION,
ON THE
2ND MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, NEXT.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A
THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE
are taught, as well as
MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.
In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Departments. Primary, \$25; Intermediate, \$30; Preparatory, \$40, and College, \$50.

For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address
MRS. C. A. THURMAN, Principal,
Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

TARRANT COLLEGE!
FOR
GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES.

Crab Orchard, Ky.

This School will begin its Third Session, Monday, Aug. 27, 1877.

Prof. T. E. Bayley has charge of the Department of Music, and will employ any assistance he may need.

Miss Gertrude R. Bayley has charge of the Art Department.

The Principal will employ any other teachers she may need in the Literary Department.

Two Hundred Dollars will pay all expenses of Board, Washing, Fuel, Lights and Tuition in the Literary Department.

For full particulars and for Catalogue to
MRS. S. F. M. TARRANT,
Crab Orchard, Ky.

WHEAT & TURF,
[Successors to Wheat & Chumney.]

WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Agents for Frankfort Cotton Mills.

No. 231 Main St., bet. Sixth & Seventh,
Opposite Louisville Hotel.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, \$1.00
A liberal discount for cash payment in advance.
Regular advertisers will find our rates to be as moderate as those of any other respectable paper.
"Business Notices," 15 cents per line. Advertisements in Local Columns, 25 cents per line. Advertisements in Local Columns, 25 cents per line. Advertisements in Local Columns, 25 cents per line.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
In every particular, and our Job Printer is acknowledged the best in the State.
Prices to suit the times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CATTLE PASTURAGE!
Two Hundred and Fifty Acres Blue-grass Pasture—controlled in the State. Clear, running water, and good fence. Apply on the premises to Hiram Smith, or by mail to Hiram Smith, City, Ind.—4

ROCKCASTLE SPRINGS
NOW OPEN FOR GUESTS.
TERMS: \$25 per Month; \$10 per Week.
SPECIAL RATES TO PARTIES.
Regular Stage leaves Summit Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
T. C. EVARTS, Prop'r.

STOVES AND TINWARE.
I keep on hand and for sale all kinds of Heating and Cooking Stoves, and the best patterns. Also, Tinware in great variety.

OUTTERING AND ROOFING
—AND—
REPAIRING MACHINERY!
of all kinds promptly attended to. Give me a call at my shop just above the Commercial Hotel.

ICE! ICE! ICE!
Having gathered a large quantity of
Excellent Ice
I will deliver it to regular customers in Stanford, every morning, at
ONE CENT PER POUND.
Accounts due at the close of each month. Prompt settlement required.
R. E. BARROW.

SPRING & SUMMER
MILLINERY.

MRS. M. E. DAVIES,
MILLINER & MANTUA-MAKER
NEAR DEPOT, STANFORD, KY.

Has just returned from the city and is now opening an
ELEGANT STOCK
OF
SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY!
—AND—
LADIES' FANCY GOODS,
Selected with care, and which she will sell at prices to suit the times.
Thanking her friends for past favors, she respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage.
THE MANTUA-MAKING DEPARTMENT will be conducted by MISS M. E. DAVIES, and MRS. DUDDELL, whose taste and skill are well-known to the trade.

J. N. DAVIS'
GROCERY, CONFECTIONERY
—AND—

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Best Toilet Soap at Bohn & Stagg's.
LARGE lot of Box Papers at Bohn & Stagg's.
Best mixed Paints in town at Anderson & McRoberts.
HEADQUARTERS for Paints at all kinds at Chenault's.
Go to Frank Wilmer for a first-class toilet soap.
All kinds of Machine Needles at Anderson & McRoberts.
CAROLINE, natural hair restorer, at Anderson & McRoberts.
LARD OIL and Castor Oil. Call at Anderson & McRoberts.
COME one, come all, and try Frank Wilmer's toilet soap.
LARGE lot of cheap Looking Glasses at Anderson & McRoberts.
PROFESSOR, the great fat destroyer, at Anderson & McRoberts.
Best Toilet Soap and perfume in town, at Anderson & McRoberts.
SEWING MACHINES of all kinds repaired and adjusted by Carson & Dodge.
Dry Sized Kalamine, cheaper than wall paper, at Anderson & McRoberts.
Just received a large lot of White Lead. Give us a call. Anderson & McRoberts.
ANDERSON & McROBERTS are again dispensing most delicious Soda Water at five cents a glass.
PRY. Ice cold, delicious. That's the kind of Soda Water you get at Chenault's at five cents a glass.
FINE assortment of Toilet Soap, hair, nail, tooth brushes, and perfume, very cheap at Chenault's.
VISITORS to the Races will find J. Winter & Co., Louisville, Headquarters for Men and Boys' Clothing. Their immense stock of Clothing, bought especially for the supply of the crowds, will call there during the Races, will be open for inspection, and the low prices will induce every body to buy.

LIVER IS KING.—The liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all kinds of ailments are the natural result. The digestion of food, the movements of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system, are all immediately connected with the workings of the liver. It has been successfully proved that Green's August Flower is unequalled in curing all persons afflicted with Dropsy or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms that result from an unhealthy condition of the liver and stomach. Sample bottles to 15¢. 40¢ per bottle. Positively sold in all towns on the Western Continent. Three doses will prove that it is just what you want. For sale by Bohn & Stagg.

ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE. RUTH READING.—Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for the month of August, is promptly on our table, and presents very strong claims for liberal patronage. This number is crowded with good things, prominent among them are Professor Wells' article on "John Peter Lange," (with portrait), "Religion and Education," by Rev. Parsons Cooke, "Half Truths," "All Kinds of Babies," by Elmer Lynde, "Queen Elizabeth," (four illustrations and portrait), "Paul and the Thumbs of Virgil," "Ninewh and Babyhood," "The Christian World," by Professor Schuler, "Wit, Humor and Pathos of Childhood," "Hours with English Sacred Poets," (continued), by John Donne, D.D., "The Soul of the Soul," "A Scotch Heroine," etc., etc. The editor holds forth from the Home Page, from the text "Heaven for Athens," by the author of "The Popular Expositor," of several passages of Scripture, and his Note Book and Library Table are highly interesting. There are a large number of illustrations, portraits, notices, etc. Each number contains 128 quarto pages, and the annual subscription is only \$3, postpaid. Single copies 25 cents. Address: Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

PERSONAL.
MR. OTTO H. WILLIAMS left yesterday morning for a visit to his home in Shelbyville.
COL. J. D. HOKES, formerly of the 10th Cavalry, is visiting friends at Harrodsburg.
MISS ANNIE CHASE is about to be married to the son of Col. W. H. Spitzer, Lebanon.
MISS MARY SIMPSON, who has been spending some time in Louisville, is about to leave for her home in Lexington.
MISS BETTIE MORAN and Sumner Logan returned from Richmond yesterday morning.
A DEAR little friend has placed us under many obligations for a beautiful bouquet of choice flowers.
MISS KATE PORTER, one of our most charming young ladies, returned on Tuesday from a visit to her home in Harrodsburg.

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MISS BEUCE, the handsome wife of Mr. Geo. H. Bruce, has gone on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Park, at Irvine, Ky.
MR. E. A. HODG, in company with his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Hod, both of Danville, are visiting friends in this vicinity.
MISS SARAH C. TRUMER, with Miss Lucy Bohns and John Jordan, left this week. She and Miss Jordan will go on a visit to Virginia, while Miss Bohns returns to Columbia, Ga.

LOCAL NEWS.
WEEKEND & EVANS left a good horse and wagon with bed and trunk, for \$75.
THANKS.—We are indebted to Mrs. M. A. Martin for a bucket of honey, nice and clear as any we ever saw.
THE glorious 4th was not noticed here except by the Banks and the Common Pleas Court. They took the usual holiday.
The four prisoners confined in jail here will be taken to Lancaster for confinement until the new jail is fitted up for their confinement.

IMPORTATION.—The Telegraph Company has raised its rates for messages to ten words, from here to Louisville, to 40 cents. It has been 25 cents for some time past.
C. O. SPRINGS.—A series of balls will commence at Crab Orchard on Monday night and continue during the season. Kerker's Orchestra will dispense music for the occasions.
EXCURSION.—The young ladies and gentlemen of Turnersville took an excursion on the C. & O. R. R. to King's Mountain Tunnel, last Saturday, and enjoyed themselves wonderfully.

COMMON PLEAS COURT.—This Court convened Tuesday morning, and in the absence of Judge Breckinridge, who is detained at home on account of sickness, the judge elected Hon. Thomas W. Yarnon, special judge. The business of the Court has been proceeding as rapidly as possible, but up to this time no case of general interest has occupied it.

KNOCKED IN THE HEAD.—Amp Salter, a drunken and insolent negro, was knocked senseless on Court day by Mr. J. N. Davis, who here his insolence till patience ceased to be a virtue.
MASQUERADE BALL.—The Blue Knights of Somerset, gave a grand Masquerade Ball in Owens' Opera House, Somerset, last evening. We would have been pleased to accept the kind invitation to attend but we couldn't resist the treat of witnessing the great race in Louisville.

THE men who voted here last Monday from other counties, and those who brag that they were counted more than once for their man, should, instead of priding themselves on the achievement, feel that they have been guilty of a very dishonest action. We will watch those men in the future.

FIGHTS.—There were several fights here on Monday, but a good old fashioned knock-down and roll out, John Rex and Wm. Luten take the feather. They fought each other till they lost their breath and exhausted a good amount of their gore. The bystanders seemed unwilling to part them, so they had ample opportunity to get their fill.

MISS B. C. WOODS, a young lady of considerable promise gave some specimens of her Elocutionary powers here, on Saturday evening last. She is rather a novice, but her rendering of certain pieces shows that she intends to make herself a success. She desires us to say that she will, in the next week or so, read in Campbellville, Lancaster, Harrodsburg, Liberty, Somerset, Springfield and Columbia.

LINCOLN COUNTY BONDS.—Judge Lytle sold at public auction, last Monday, the twelve Lincoln County Bonds of \$1,000 each, issued to raise funds for the building of the new jail. They were offered in parcels of four, and were all bought by the Farmers National Bank, at an average premium of about 43-100 of one per cent. They are payable in 10 years, and bear six per cent. It is rather an unusual thing for a county bond to sell for more than par, but our people are to be congratulated on the fact that the finances of the County are in a good and safe condition, and the prospect is that these bonds will be paid some time before they mature, so that right was reserved.

PROPERTY OF JUDGE DENNIS.—A young man, charged in jail on Monday night, charged with being drunk and creating a general disturbance by fighting and otherwise. They were tried before Judge Dennis next morning, who fined him \$5 and costs, and discharged him. This is not the first of these young men, but we would warn them that it should be their last, as the citizens are determined that the Marshal shall be protected in the discharge of his duty. They intend that Stanford shall maintain the hard-earned reputation of being the most orderly town in the State, and it is very evident by the way they rallied to the Marshal on Monday, when he was about to be overpowered, that they will allow no man to play the bully around here.

THE CONVENTION.—Hardly in the history of the town has so large a crowd assembled as were present at the Convention on Monday. The Court-house was packed in five minutes after the bell rang, and nothing like half of the people had gotten in. The proposition to adjourn to the square was met with a hearty approval, and the steps of the Court-house were crowded with people. The Convention was opened by the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and the prayer of the Convention, and the reading of the report of the Committee on Resolutions, and the adoption of the same.

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THE REASON OF IT.—All of the disturbance created at the Convention was between the Durham and Fox men, and it was mainly due to mean whisky, which flowed freely and steadily all day. Some of the supporters of each were almost unable to stand alone, and were about as capable of casting a vote as the father of a mule. There were, however, numbers of good and sober men in both parties, but Messrs. Turner and Thompson can console themselves, that, if their numbers were small, they had none but first-class men. There was but one drunken man in both crowds, and he was no more so than usual.

OFFICERS ELECTED.—The secret organizations here have elected officers as follows: Golden Rule Exemptment No. 47, I. O. O. F.—R. Blain, C. P. G. H. McKinney, H. P. J. M. Hendricks, S. W. E. B. Caldwell, W. J. B. Dennis, Scribner, A. G. Pendleton, Treasurer. Stanford Lodge No. 156, I. O. O. F.—S. S. Myers, N. G. M. D. Hughes, W. G. J. B. Dennis, Sec.; Wm. Daugherty, Treas. Hope Lodge No. 19, K. of H.—M. C. Sautley, P. D.; Geo. D. Hopper, D.; S. H. Hickie, V. D.; D. B. Edmiston, A. D.; A. A. Warren, Reporter; G. H. Bruce, F. R.; J. J. McRoberts, Treasurer; Rav. J. L. Barnes, Chap.; M. G. Nevius, Guide; J. W. Alcorn, Guard, Porter Hampton, Sent.

WALLS.—ENTER—On the 4th inst., Mr. Jacob Walls and Miss Elmer W. Estes.
RILEY.—HARLEY—On the 28th inst., Mr. Darius Riley and Miss Margaret Harlet.
ROBINSON.—LOAN—Yesterday at Rush Branch church, Mr. Porter Robinson and Miss Bettie E. Logan.

YOUNG.—TRUSTY.—Neal Young and Elizabeth Trusty were married in the Clerk's Office yesterday morning by the Rev. W. T. Corn. Immediately after the ceremony the couple went to Shanks' Spoonsmore's bar-room and took a drink.

WILLIAMS.—STUART.—An interesting and interesting party on the North bound train yesterday consisted of Chas. E. Williams, of Harrodsburg, Ky., and Miss E. Stuart, of Iowa, bound for matrimony. Mr. Williams is a brother of President John Aug. Williams, and Miss Stuart graduated from Williams' College last year. (Lebanon Standard.)

That's the way for a young lady to kill two birds with one stone.
AMSTONG.—WHITE.—Wednesday morning, at her home in Lancaster, Miss Alice T. White, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Frank J. White, was united in matrimony to Mr. J. R. Armstrong, a rising young merchant of Louisville. We regret that we arrived just five minutes too late to see the ceremony, but we had the pleasure of meeting the pleasant little party that gathered to take leave of Miss Alice, and of offering our congratulations and good wishes to the happy pair. Our Lancaster correspondent, who is as full in such matters, gives a pleasant account of the marriage in her column.

ELDER J. S. SWEENEY, of the Christian Church, and Rev. C. W. Miller, of the Methodist Church, will begin a debate at Flat Rock church, Bourbon county, on the 9th of this month, and continue six days. The three propositions to be discussed are: 1st. Is Infant Baptism authorized by the Word of God? 2nd. Is Baptism for the remission of sins? 3rd. Is the sprinkling or pouring of water upon a proper subject by a proper administrator, Christian baptism?

Rev. Mr. Welburn, of the Methodist church, in his sermon at this place on Sunday night last was not inclined to flatter the men in Kentucky who go into politics. His language was that the average Kentucky politician had found a shorter road to hell than any other living man. The divine thought that God Almighty could do every thing, but that among the most difficult things for him to perform was the act of saving one of these same politicians from perdition. (Richmond Register.)

Rev. D. P. Young, of Nicholasville, died at Anchorage, Ky., last Sunday, after a severe illness. At the time of his death he was in charge of the Presbyterian Orphanage at Anchorage, which position he had filled for nearly a year. His remains were taken to the Lexington Cemetery for interment, and his funeral preached by Rev. Stuart Robinson. Many of our citizens will remember the eloquent Commencement Sermon that he preached for the Stanford Female College a little over a year ago.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.
Thos. Robinson bought of John Crutchfield, 13 hogs at 24 cents.
The Kentucky wool clip of 1878 is estimated at 3,000,000 pounds.
Several wheat crops in Mercer have been sold at 70 cents per bushel.
Nelson county has a mare 33 years old with a colt of twenty-three; so says the Record.
Alford & Swope bought an aged mule from Jordan Mullins, of Garrard county, for \$200.
James McKinney sold an extra harness gelding to John C. Johnson, of Hustonville, for \$150.
Thomas Woods, of Boyle county, bought of various parties around Crab Orchard, 200 hams at \$3.80.
Hon. T. J. Megibben, of Harrison, sold 10,000 bushels of his new crop of wheat to parties in Cynthia at 80 cents per bushel.
Woolman & Blackwell, of Woodford, bought for J. W. Sibley & Co., of Cincinnati, 4,000 bushels of choice wheat at 85 cents per bushel.
BREED.—Mr. J. N. Reynolds sent to our office a lot of bees, each of which is as big as a baby's head. We devoured them with great satisfaction.
Mr. R. H. Weaver has sold his horse and lot to Mr. Will Craig, for \$1,500, part cash, balance on time, with interest. Possession to be given October 1st.
W. M. Ball sold to S. H. Hickie, 60 hogs averaging 132 pounds, at 21 cents. These hogs have eaten 170 barrels of corn, valued at \$340, leaving a profit of only \$22.
B. F. Vanmeter, of Clark county, sold three head of 4-year old thoroughbred horses, weighing respectively 2,375, 2,305 and 2,000 pounds, at 61 cents per pound.
Mr. W. B. Hawkins had on exhibition here last Monday, his beautiful thoroughbred Jersey Bull—No. 1485 in the J. C. H. B. We recommend him to stock raisers.
E. H. Mattingly delivered last Monday to Mr. John Slaine 20 head of extra cattle, averaging 1,500 pounds, which were sold some time since at 5 cents per pound. (Lebanon Standard.)

Mr. W. B. Hawkins will stand his Jersey Bull, D. H. Hill, at Shelby City, at \$3 for grades and \$5 for thoroughbreds.
Old farmers tell us that more wheat was raised in county than for years and that the quality is as good as usual. We have heard of a number of crops being disposed of at 65 and 70 cents, according to quality.
Those treasures in horse flesh, Ten Broeck and Mollie McCarthy, have been guarded night and day for some time past by a special police force, to prevent any possible tampering with them by designing parties.
We learn from the New Era that the wheat crop is a failure both in Christian and Trigg counties. A field in the latter county that promised 3,000 bushels only turned out 320, and that of a very inferior quality.
PARIS COURT DAY.—From 300 to 400 cattle, of rather inferior quality; prices ranging from 30 to 40 cents; great many unweaned. Two broke mules for \$112 75 each, two for \$91 each, and two for \$97 50 each. Quite a number of common horses sold at prices ranging from \$20 to \$75. Not much demand for fine, high-price horses. A lot of sheep sold at \$1 65 per head.

LOUISVILLE.—The quotations on all classes of cattle are a shade lower this week. There is not much demand for shipping cattle; good to extra going off slow at 4 to 4 1/2 cents. Good butcher stuff meets with ready sale at 3 1/2 to 4 cents. Lower grades range from 1 1/2 to 3 cents. Hogs—choice, \$14 10 to \$14 15 fair to good, \$13 75 to \$14 00; Stockers, \$12 50 to \$13 75. Sheep—common culls, \$2 00 to \$2 50; Lambs—extra, \$4 to \$4 50; medium to medium, \$3 to \$4 50.
On Wednesday last, F. R. Briney sold to Brown Bros. & Co. 14 hogs, averaging 220 lbs., at \$3 per cwt. On Thursday last J. P. Jones sold to Geo. M. Abell 6 steers, averaging 1,386 pounds, at \$4 25 per cwt. On Tuesday last, Mull & Middleton, of Hardin county, sold to Brown Bros. & Co. 168 hogs, averaging 126 pounds, at \$3 per cwt. R. S. Taylor, of Clark county, sold to P. P. Nunnely 1,000 bushels of his new crop of wheat at 75¢ per bushel delivered at Combs' Ferry Depot. (Nelson Record.)

CONVENT DAY.—The interest of the day centered in the Convention, and stock and other things offered for sale went begging. The auctioneers estimate that there were from 150 to 200 cattle on the market, mostly of an inferior quality. Bidding was slow, and sales were made on a drop. Their reports are as follows:
Capt. H. T. Bush: I sold 15 common calves at \$10 05; 15 calves at \$17 55; 13 calves, mixed lot at \$11 10; 8 yearlings at \$20 15; 6 scrub yearlings at \$15 15; scrub calves at \$8 21 head. 2-year-olds at \$25; 1 big rough mare, \$50; 1 mare and colt, \$77.
Col. Jake Higgins: I made the following actual sales: 16 scrub steers at \$16; 10 do. at \$12; 15 yearlings at \$10; 1 cow \$21; 1 mule \$60; and 1 do, \$75.

LOUISVILLE RACES.—The Summer meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club started out most favorably on Tuesday. The attendance was large and the sport exhilarating. In the first race, a sweepstake for 3-year-olds, one and one-half miles, of eight nominations only three started. They were Kate Claxton, Harper and Jim Bell, winning in the order named. Time, 2:24.
In the second race, purse \$350, Janet, Warfield, and Matagorda started, and the two heats run resulted in the order named. Time, 1:43, 1:45.
The third race, purse \$200, dash of one and one-half miles was won by Dan, Edinburg second, Bonnie Iracks third, and Signal last. Time, 2:58.
WEDNESDAY.
In the first race, dash of 1 1/2 miles, Hackaway and Belle of Nelson started, the former winning with great ease. Time, 2:46.
The second race, three quarters of a mile heats, Joe Rodes, Stella and Glendalia started, each heat resulting in the order named. Time, 1:18, 1:21.
In the last race, dash of 1 1/2 miles, Tolono, John R. Sweeney, and Jim Bell started, and the race resulted in the above order. Time, 3:17.

LOUISVILLE RACE COURSE.
The glorious 4th dawned brightly and beautifully, and the condition of the Louisville Race Course was all that the most ardent lover of the sport could wish. The multitude already gathered to witness the grandest event known in the history of the turf—the race between Ten Broeck and Mollie McCarthy—was hourly augmented by long trains of living freight until it seemed that all the world had found its way to the course. The first race 14 dash won by Dan K. in 2:18; Second race, 3 mile dash won by Goodnight in 1:20. Third race 4 mile heats was won by Ten Broeck in 8:19, the mare badly distanced. Excitement intense. W. P. WALTON.

LANCASTER.
A. S. SCHOOL PICTURE.
NEXT SATURDAY at Bland's woods.
SO SAY WE.
"Quito's handshake and bow were not, but it is time he was at his post."
THE ARCHANGELS.
Were not deterred by rain on Tuesday eve, from meeting with Miss Sallie Huffman.

OFF TO LOUISVILLE.
A number of our gentlemen will go over to the grand race at Louisville, on the Fourth.
ON COUNTY COURT.
Day, the 22nd of July, the Democrats will convene here to appoint delegates to the Somerset Congressional Convention.
SOCIAL GATHERINGS.
Miss Magie Barker entertained a few friends at her charming Garrard residence on Thursday evening. Mrs. H. C. Jennings feasted a family circle at her home on Friday evening.

THE CONVENTION.
Some of our Democrats report the Convention at Stanford, on Monday, a mob in the morning, a gentlemanly assembly in the evening. Couldn't have been whistled, but patriotism at home to this terminus.

FOUR DEAD.
The wife of Mr. W. D. Marksbury, one of our most estimable citizens, was found dead in her bed on Saturday morning. She had for years been extremely delicate. Her remains were borne to the Fork Church for interment.

THE COLORED FRATERNITY.
Our colored brethren have a fresh revival spell. It threatens to become chronic. Last Sunday some thousand, or less, of them went up to Point Lick where they had two weddings; a number of exhortations, and about ten funerals preached.

A CONFESSION TO OUR FELLOW MEN.
Some six or eight papers reported the costumes of the ladies at the Hop here, on St. John's Night. Let me hope: that the others are not listening when I say that the Interior Journal displayed decidedly better taste than any in the setting up of the same.

MARRIAGE.
Hymen has again visited us, taking with him the lost of Capt. Frank J. White's beautiful twin girls, Allie Terrill. The sisters, Allie and Mollie, graced our halls and streets and homes some twenty years, the admiration of all who knew them. Miss Mollie, now Mrs. Young, of Owensville, let romance get the better of filial duty and made a trip to Gretna Green several years ago when she chose her life partner. On Wednesday morning Miss Allie pledged allegiance to Mr. John S. Armstrong, of Louisville, at her father's house, in the presence of a select circle of guests. Among them was quite a bevy of discarded suitors, all of whom felt unfeigned interest in the lovely young girl they had failed to win. The touching and beautiful ceremony, as performed by the Rev. J. C. Randolph, brought tears to every eye. The newly-wedded couple at once in a traveling carriage for Danville, accompanied by Miss Mollie Armstrong and Miss Lillia Smith. An extensive bridal tour will constitute the programme of the honeymoon. The bride's trousseau was elaborate and elegant, consisting of black and colored silk, grenadine and organdie in the department of street wear. Among the gifts displayed was a pair of glittering diamond earrings from the bridegroom. There was a handsome epergne of silver and crystal from Miss Sallie Armstrong; also a silver card receiver and napkin-rings from the groom's mother; an elaborate pickle stand of glass and plate from Miss Minnie Armstrong; gold and crystal from Mrs. Mollie Armstrong; a curious and costly set of gold jewelry from Mrs. Charles W. Fox, of San Francisco.

AN ARM-STRONG has placed a flower in the hand of a bride, and a happy marriage is the result. May the strong arm be a treasure house, in safety to the young couple.

GOVERNOR KENNEDY.
The long-drawn agony has culminated in a yet greater calamity for those most concerned, and Mr. Grove C. Kennedy is found guilty of murder. Little thought any on the mild February afternoon in '77, that memorable in our judicial annals, that the daring shots that sent a human soul unprepared on its final journey would convert the aggressor into a criminal, instead of a hero. Far be it from my obscure pen to move in judgment on an unfortunate fellow-creature, or assign causes for a popularly popular trial. But certain it is that the time of the killing of Edward D. Kennedy was, if any, believed that the crime would ever be punished. Bloodshed had seemed so easy and pardon so sure that the man who took another's life was voluntarily dubbed a hero. Unexpectedly to himself, Mr. G. C. Kennedy was, upon the occasion of the killing, refused bail and committed to the Lancaster jail. For safety a guard was placed about the jail, the reputation of the Kennedy clan being such that a mob of rescue was as much feared as a mob of vengeance. After a few weeks confinement, the prisoner again applied for bail, and a trial was granted for the purpose of deciding the question. Then came the startling and heroic rescue by his wife when, ball being refused, the prisoner was escorted back toward the jail. The particulars of this episode were familiar to public eye at the time. A few months of outlaw life, hunted and driven, were scarcely more comforting than imprisonment; and finally the Governor's reward tempted a man who was bold enough and persistent enough to arrest the prisoner. Then followed the weeks of duration in the Louisville jail, where he was treated with marked leniency and favor. His name was so often prominent in the Courier-Journal that the getting of a Kentucky jury was but a proof that at least twelve men do not read the papers. February came on in due time and brought the period of trial at Lancaster, Judge Wickliffe, of Bardonia, being appointed to the bench. Our own Judge happened to be a witness to the killing, and could not preside. The trial was invested with a decided tinge of romance, as the ladies of the Court room and the layettes of the McCrory Guards surrounded them. Lancaster was a gala scene in private circles, and the grey coats and reporters were flocked and flocked. The same favoritism that had honored the prisoner thus far continued here, and he was permitted to sleep in the Court-room instead of the narrow cell at the jail. At length, after much learned arguing, the jury failed to make a verdict. Another trial was set for June, and during the probation Mr. Kennedy has walked the earth without fetters. He identified himself with the Murphy Movement, and has mingled with his fellow-men in social and public life. So firm was the almost universal conviction that the new jury would also hang, that very little interest was manifested in the late proceedings. Several of the speech-makers of this episode were familiar to the court and the layettes of the McCrory Guards surrounded them. Lancaster was a gala scene in private circles, and the grey coats and reporters were flocked and flocked. The same favoritism that had honored the prisoner thus far continued here, and he was permitted to sleep in the Court-room instead of the narrow cell at the jail. At length, after much learned arguing, the jury failed to make a verdict. Another trial was set for June, and during the probation Mr. Kennedy has walked the earth without fetters. He identified himself with the Murphy Movement, and has mingled with his fellow-men in social and public life. So firm was the almost universal conviction that the new jury would also hang, that very little interest was manifested in the late proceedings. 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A TASTILY furnished parlor—long, opened windows, that admitted the balmy breath of June and the lengthened beams of the afternoon sun, and a girl, darkly beautiful, standing by the mantel, with her chin resting on her hand.

It was Marian Sheldon, the queen of the village in which she lived.

She was of medium height, and delicately formed, her face was beautiful, with its regular features, clear olive skin, vivid red lips, and lustrous eyes, and hair of ebony blackness, against which now gleamed a bit of scarlet geranium.

There was a troubled look in her eyes; and her attitude, too, told of some inward disturbance.

It deepened as the sound of a quick, manly tread in the hall came to her ears.

It deepened still more as a young and handsome man entered the room, and came to her.

She tried to smile a welcome, but it was not a success; she could not dispel the troubled look so easily.

He took her hands in his, and drew her toward him, half-angrily, half-fondly, as he said:

"Marian, why do I meet old Reynolds so often when I come here? He passed me again to-day in the garden."

She flushed beneath the light of his deep-grey eyes, as she answered, timidly:

"He comes here to see me!"

"To see you, Marian?"

"I may as well tell you," she interrupted, flusteringly. "He wanted me to be his wife!"

"The old—"

"And father wishes me to consent," she went on, "and I—"

"Well, what do you think of it, Marian?" he asked, as he dropped her hands, and stood aloof from her.

With a pleading gesture, and in a pleading tone, she replied:

"Oh, Edward, I sometimes think it is best, too."

"Marian!"

There was a world of reproach in that one word.

The tears started to her eyes, and she stepped quickly to him, and laid her hand on his arm, as she spoke, tremblingly:

"Do not look so, Edward—as if you reproached me. Oh, you know how I love you—you only! But think, can that ever be? We are both poor, we have been poor so long, and that obstacle promises to extend far into the future. Jasper Reynolds is rich—very rich; he is my father's friend; he loves me, and he would marry me, and all his wealth will be mine when he dies, for he is alone in the world. He is old and infirm, he cannot live long, Edward; then we will be happy."

Edward Lee almost flung the girl from him.

"How I have mistaken you!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Instead of a loving, impulsive girl, I find you to be a mercenary, calculating woman!"

"Oh, no—no!" she cried, piteously. "Take back those words, Edward! It is not for myself it is for my father—he is old, and chafes at poverty; and for you—for us, that we may be happy some time together."

"That is a treacherous hope to build our future upon, Marian. He is old, but he may live for years."

"I did not think of that," she interrupted, shivering. "I did not think of that. He was here to-day, and he spoke so plausibly, that I considered the matter for the first time in a favorable light. He knows I do not love him—that I love another; but he held out the golden bait to me, and thinking of all of father, of you, of us—I almost yielded. But I cannot do it! No; no; I could not do it with my wife for years. Edward," she added, huskily, looking up at him pleadingly, "will you love me again? I am not necessary—you must know."

"Love you, darling!" he cried, passionately, as he caught her to himself. "Always! You know that you are more than life to me! Be brave—be strong, my love, and we will fight this weary battle together, and be happy in the end. Oh, I could not give you up, Marian! Think what your life would have been, had you sold yourself to him—one long season of hopeless waiting; for I could not relinquish you, even though for a time I might despise you."

Now the troubled look went from Marian's face, and she was her old, happy self again, enjoying to the full the presence of her beloved.

And after he was gone, she stood, with his kiss still trembling on her lips, and murmured:

"It is better so. It would have been like tempting fate to have married him with the hope that he would die. I must tell father; he will be disappointed, but he will soon be reconciled, when he sees that my resolve has made me happy."

She went to her father and told him. Even his weary sigh, his sad look, could not dispel the peace of mind her resolve had given her.

The world seemed to have become a brighter place when she awoke the

next morning, and remembered that she was still Edward's true love, and that she had so often been a drowsy girl, with a glad song in her heart and upon her lips.

But how suddenly the clouds come some times.

She stopped in the midst of her caroling, as she saw one of the men from the Hall—Jasper Reynolds's stately home—coming around to the kitchen where she was.

Her face paled with apprehension, and she looked up at him, speechless with an undefinable dread.

"Master's took very ill, miss," he said, bowing, and doffing his hat, "and he sent me over with this," passing to her a note.

"What's the matter with him?" she asked.

"It's what the doctors has been expecting, miss; paralysis, I thinks they call it."

"I'm sorry," she said, absently, looking at the man as if questioning why he remained.

"There's an answer wanted, miss," "Oh!" and she sank into a chair, and opened the note, a numbness creeping over her as she read:

"MY DEAR MARIAN:

"My last days have come—paralysis is doing its fatal work. The doctors say I cannot live. Is it selfish in me to urge you now to be my wife? It will only be for a short time; the sacrifice you make will not be so very great—and to me it will be a blessed ending of my life. Come, Marian; let me not die utterly alone—let me know the joy of bequeathing all that I have to one who belongs to me. If you will make me happy, come at once."

JASPER.

Ah, the temptation was strong! His wealth would be hers, and her servitude would be only for a few days!

Surely Edward could not view this with disapprobation.

The battle was short—the golden prospect conquered!

She looked up and said to the man in the doorway:

"Tell your master I will come at once."

But how dark the world seemed now! What a dirge was in her heart, where but a short time since a glad song had been!

She wrote to Edward. She could not see him; did she, she felt that she would fail; and that she must not do this golden harvest must be hers.

She wrote, explaining all, and adding:

"If I did not love you so, I would not do this. It will be only for a short season, and then I will be all yours, and we will no longer be harassed by poverty. I cannot feel that I am doing wrong, Edward, and I pray that you will not reproach me—above all, that you will not love me less. Do not write to me, nor try to see me; while I am his wife, I must be true to him. When all is over, I will come to you, my own—never—never more dear to me than now!"

She sent that to him, and then, with her father, she hastened to the hall.

"Yes, he is dying!" the doctor said. "His legs and part of his body are the same as dead now. His head is clear; but he has worried so that he has hastened the end; had this not been so, there might have been some hope for him."

Marian went to him. She did not hate him; he had always been very kind to her and to her father, and when she saw him lying so helpless, with the hand of death upon him, she could not but feel a tender pity for him.

"I have arranged it all," he whispered, gladly, as he eagerly took her hand in his. "You will become my wife at once. You will make my last days happy. I see you do not hate me; when I am gone, there will be dear to me to shed a tear over my grave."

What a strange, weird day that was! First came the marriage in that darkened room; then the making of the will, for he would do all while his head was clear. She was his wife; soon she would be his widow, and all his wealth would be hers.

When all was done, he took her hand in his, as she knelt beside him, and whispering, fondly:

"My wife! My Marian!" he closed his eyes, and slept.

He slept for hours, and she knelt there, watching him, scanning his pale face, and wondering when it would end, not daring to move for fear of disturbing him.

The doctors came in, smiled approval, and for the first time went out without shaking their heads.

"If this had only come before," they said to each other, "he would have lived. His mind is at rest now."

Marian's husband moved and released her hand; still she would not leave him; she must be by him when death came—she must do her duty faithfully until all was over.

Oh, what a night that was, as she knelt there, waiting for death, and thinking some times it had come, as he lay there so still and white!

Morning broke. He opened his eyes, and looked about him, as one refreshed by sleep.

Marian bent over him, anxiously; he met her gaze, and smiled. Her heart stood still with an awful fear, as she saw the faint signs of improvement in him.

The doctors came in again, smiled, and then sent her off to bed.

She could not rid herself of that sudden fear that had come; it haunted even her sleep, as tired nature exerted its claims.

When she awoke, she started up wildly, crying:

"I feel it! I know it! he will live!"

As if impelled by some power, she hurried to the sickroom. She paused at the door, her heart sick with dread—was it death, or life?

The door was opened, and one of the doctors came out. He saw her, and said, cheerfully:

"Grieve no more, Mrs. Reynolds; your husband is much better—he will live."

She raised her white face to his—her livid lips moved, but no sound came therefrom—she reeled to and fro, and fell fainting in the doctor's arms.

Can we describe the misery of the time that followed? the days of convalescence, when she sat by her husband's side, and thought of Edward—or when she waited on him, bearing patiently with all his exactions—for he was very peevish, and the stony face of his wife did not please him.

Oh, how she suffered! And she could not complain, for she had brought it on herself.

One day a few lines came from Edward.

"You have married both our lives, by sending to a treacherous hope, Farwell, Marian, once my love. We will never meet again. I am going far away, to try to forget."

Think of her agony then! Jasper Reynolds lived, a helpless cripple, and a jealous and exacting husband.

Marian was obliged to endure it all; she lived on, and became pale, and worn, and listless.

Three years after that fatal marriage-day, she read in the paper of a wedding about to take place in Grace Church, New York City.

"Edward Lee, a young and talented member of the bar, to Effie, only daughter of the Hon. J. K. Dalton."

Marian went. Yes, it was Edward—once her Edward.

The bride and groom passed down the aisle, looking so happy and content. All eyes were upon them, and none saw the somber-clad woman who gazed so despairingly, and who stretched out her hands in pleading after the form of the groom.

Then Marian returned to her home, and took up her weary burden again, and cursed herself bitterly that she had ever harbored that treacherous hope.

A Monkey Story.

One of the best monkey stories we have seen is contained in London Nature.

A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical; the dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it until he was satisfied that his polite and mysterious guest had departed. His whole demeanor showed plainly that he felt the monkey was something "uncanny," and not to be meddled with.

MILITARY CONUNDRUMS.—Is the flying artillery one of the wings of the army? Who pays for the bayonets when the soldiers charge them? When the "shrill music of the shells" is spoken of, is a bomb heard meant? How many spokes are there in the right wheel? Do you use pen or pencil to write about face? Can stealing a leg of bacon be called a flank movement? Can pickpockets be classed as riflemen? Is the Major General's staff made of hickory or oak? Can you play or sing a platoon? Are the reports from artillery regiments to be heard by the cannon-ears.—[Com. Bulletin.

WHY SHE WAS CALLED MOLLIE MCCARTHY.—Mollie McCarthy is her name, and why she was called by that name was this: Away up in the gold regions of Nevada, Col. Winters has a warm and devoted friend in the person of Col. McCarthy, and he has a daughter, Miss Mollie, who is said to be the most beautiful and accomplished young lady in "all Nevada," and it was in honor of this belle of the gold regions that the celebrated little mare was called.

It is told of Spurgeon that it is his habit to shut himself up on Saturdays, and that on Saturday a man called and insisted on seeing him. "Tell him," said the visitor to his servant, "that a servant of the Lord wishes to see him." The message was delivered and the following answer returned:—"Tell him that I am engaged with his Master."

A genius down East intends applying for a patent on a machine which, he says, when wound up and in motion, will chase a hog over a ten-acre lot, catch, yoke, and ring him; or by a slight change of gearing, it will chop him into sausages, work his bristles into shoe-brushes, and manufacture his tail into a corkscrew.

An Acquisition.

Since its virtue has been attested by Dr. Taylor as a permanent cure for Piles, the Buckeye, now abundant in our native forests, has become of almost as much importance in the medical world as Claret, or Penicillin Buds, of South America. Fortunately the natives are temperate in the use of this plant, and do not use it as a stimulant, as the Indians of the West do. It is a native of the Buckeye, and will stand many years to yield an abundant supply, and we may expect that the natives of the Buckeye will be able to supply the demand for this plant as a permanent remedy. Price 50 cents a Bottle. For sale at Bolton & Stagg's.

Life Realized.

"Life is earnest, life is real," and the hopes that cheer us, as well as the duties that we bravely encounter stimulate us to guard the treasure with unceasing vigilance. Therefore, vigorous health should be preserved, and, as disease arising from tropical life prevails in our warm climate, we recommend for their cure Portia, or Taylor's Vegetable Liver Pile Cure, the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Headache, and Biliousness. Price 25 cents a Bottle. For sale at Bolton & Stagg's.

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